

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.]

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1797.

[No. 82.

*For the New-York Weekly Magazine.***ESSAYIST.** No. II.

"To give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her foul to steal."

M A S O N.

To review the transactions of former days, the many sportive hours which have long been past, and to recall the pleasures of innocence and virtue, is both pleasing and instructive; pleasing, because it delights the heart with joys it once participated, and of which, while animated with the prospect, tho' only the delusive paintings of imagination, it seems even now to partake; instructive, because it presents our progress in happiness and virtue, or the mournful reverse our deviation from innocence and rectitude. But it is particularly pleasing to look back on the scenes of youth and childhood; we review those seasons of life with the greatest partiality and delight. 'Twas then health and beauty bloomed upon the cheek, and every object was decked with the charms of fascination. 'Twas then the heart ignorant of vice and unacquainted with sorrow or misfortune, enjoyed every pleasure without alloy. There are likewise other parts of life which occupy the moment of reflection: the learned dwell with rapture on the hours spent in the acquirement of knowledge and instruction, the ambitious on their gradual progression to wealth and fame, and the brave on the many dangers and hardships they have undergone in the field of battle. Reflection is especially the attendant of age, it assists to enliven the many vacant hours which are common at this period. The aged almost feel their strength renewed in recounting their former seats of activity, and their hearts are animated by the virtuous deeds they have performed.

Happy then is he who having spent his days in the practice of every public and social virtue, reviews the past actions of his life with cheerfulness and content: the pleasures of reflection shall clear the little moments of decrepitude and age, and shall convey peace and comfort to his bosom in those moments when present en-

joyments have lost their relish. Tho' he no more can perceive the splendour of the sun, and the various beauties of creation: tho' incapable of hearing the most harmonious music, and of enjoying the choicest delicacies; still shall the power of his mind survive the general ruin, and reflection cheer him in the evening of his days.

A. D.

Jan. 15, 1797.

FELICITY EQUALLY DISTRIBUTED.

AMONG the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal; and the high and low, the rich and the poor, approach in point of real enjoyment much nearer to each other than is commonly imagined. Providence never intended that any state here should either be completely happy, or entirely miserable.

If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers.—If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases in the same proportion our desires and demands.—If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true. For the happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind than upon any one external circumstance; nay, more than upon all external things put together.

Inordinate passions are the great disturbers of life; and unless we possess a good conscience, and a well governed mind, discontent will blast every enjoyment, and the highest prosperity will only prove disgruntled misery. This conclusion then should be fixed in the mind: The destruction of virtue is the destruction of peace. In no station—in no period are we secure from the dangers which spring from our passions. Every age, and every station they beset, from youth to grey hairs, and from the peasant to the prince.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA;
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschisk.

(Continued from page 227.)

YET you have demonstrated nothing else but that "we cannot see *pure* spirits; we may, nevertheless, be capable of seeing spirits in bodily clothing."

"This I grant without the least hesitation, for daily experience proves it. We see men, of course we see spirits in bodily clothing."

"You fancy to escape me by this turn; but you are mistaken. You allow that we can see spirits if clothed in a bodily covering."

"What we see is always nothing but the bodily covering; but we must conclude by other marks and circumstances, whether it be inhabited by a spirit. Besides, there is in the whole dominion of our sensible knowledge not one being that answers our idea of a spirit; this idea has been produced merely by reasoning, and therefore a spirit never can become an object of our perception."

"Very strange!" the Duke replied, shaking his head; "the Irishman has said much the same, and nevertheless, he hit upon an expedient of proving to me the possibility of apparitions."

"I have read that argument; it is taken from the dia-lectic. This circumstance alone ought to have made you suspect it. Or are you such a novice in that science that you should not know how pliable it is to accommodate itself to all opinions? Those philosophers who fancy all the beings of the whole creation to be spirits, as well as those who deny the existence of God, draw their arguments from that source. Is there any absurdity that could not be fitted to that baseless philosophy?"

"You are carrying matters too far. The Irishman did indeed propound several positions, which by their evidence enforce their claim to truth."

"That I do not deny. A great deal of philosophical penetration is however required, if one shall be able to discern the truth and falsehood, which its assertion imply in a strange and motley mixture. One feels indeed, frequently, the falsehood of sophistical subtleties without being able to refute them."

"I should be glad to know what you have to object against the doctrine of the Irishman concerning the possibility of apparitions?"

"In order to do this, it will be necessary previously to abstract his doctrine."

"When a spirit, the Irishman says, operates on mine, then he is present to me. If I were a mere rational being, I then should be satisfied with *imagining* the presence of the spirit, *without* myself; but since I am a sensible being, by virtue of my nature, my imagination forms a corporeal idea of the object which my understanding *thinks*; that is, it forms an image of it. The presence of a spirit, therefore, puts my inferior intellectual powers in motion by means of the superior

"ones; I do not only imagine it merely without myself, but I perceive, at the same time, a shape answerable to it; I not only collect the ideas which he produces in my mind, but, at the same time, shape them in words. In short, I see the spirit and hear him speak. —Do you think, my friend, that I have comprehended the doctrine of the Irishman?"

"Perfectly!"

"The shapes in which I see the spirit is, consequently, no real substance, but only the product of my sensitive power of perception, of my imagination."

"Very right."

"Consequently, the seeing of a spirit is, indeed, founded on a spiritual influx, which, however, is formed and shaped at pleasure by our imagination; therefore, on every apparition of spirits truth would be intermixed with illusion, and the notions which have been instilled in our mind by our education, and all the prejudices we have imbibed in our infancy, would act an important part on every occasion of that kind?"

"I perceive what you are aiming at."

"Then tell me, what would the gift of seeing spirits and ghosts benefit us, since the spiritual effect could not but be interwoven so closely with the phantoms of our imagination, that it would be impossible to discern reality from the gross illusions which it is surrounded with?"

The Duke was absorbed in silent meditation, and I continued:—

"Don't you see that *superstition* thus would be at full liberty to exercise its sway over us, because we would be led to believe that even the most absurd delusions of our imagination could *possibly* be founded on a spiritual influx?"

The Duke continued to be silent, and I resumed:—

"And don't you see that it would be impossible to discern a ghost-leer from a lunatic?"

"The Duke started up:—"How, from a lunatic?" "Undoubtedly. The characteristic of lunacy consists in mistaking mere objects of the imagination for real substances, existing without ourselves, the original cause of which is a convulsion of the vessels of our brain, which are put out of their equilibrium. This suspension of the equilibrium can arise either from weakness of nerves, or from too strong a pressure of the blood towards the head, and mere phantoms of our imagination then appear to us, even while awake, to be real objects without ourselves. Although such an image should be but faint at first, yet the consternation at such an apparition, so contrary to the natural order of things, would soon excite the attention, and impart to the phantom a vivacity that would not suffer the deluded person to doubt its reality. It is therefore very natural; for the visionary fancies he sees and hears very plainly, what no person besides him perceives, or imagines he sees such phantoms appear and disappear suddenly, when they are gamboling only before one lens of sight, without being perceived through another lens; for example, that of seeing, and therefore appear to be penetrable. The

“ distemper of the visionary does not affect the understanding immediately, but only the senses; in consequence of which the unhappy wretch cannot remove the delusion by arguments of reason, because the real or supposed perception through the senses, always antecedes the judgment of the understanding, and professes an immediate evidence which surpasses all reflection. For which reason I can blame no person who treats the ghost-seers as candidates for the lunatic hospital, instead of looking upon them as people belonging, partly, to another world.”

“ Marquis, Marquis!” the Duke said, smiling, “ you use the ghost-seers very ill. I should leave them entirely at your mercy, if the Irishman had not promised to communicate to me a criterion by which one can discern real apparitions from vain phantoms of the imagination.”

“ It is a pity he has only promised it, it being probable that this promise will not be performed with greater punctuality than the rest of his engagements.”

“ The event will prove how much you wrong him.”

“ But what would you say, if I could prove that he can communicate to you no criterion of that nature?”

“ If you could do this—”

“ Nothing is easier. The criterion whereby a real apparition of a ghost could be discerned from an illusion, must be either external or internal: that is, you must be able to ascertain the presence of a ghost, either by means of your senses, or by conclusions deduced from the impression your mind receives. Don’t you think so?”

“ It would be much safer if these two criterions co-existed.”

“ It would be sufficient if only one of these two criterions were possible. However, you shall soon be convinced that neither can be proved. Whatever you perceive, or suppose you perceive by means of your senses, in case of an apparition, is either a real material object, whereby perhaps an impostor, perhaps nature, who is so inexhaustable in her effects, or an accidental meeting of uncommon incidents surprises you; or it is an object that exists nowhere but in your heated imagination; what you perceive through your senses never can be the spirit himself, because spirits are incorporeal beings, and therefore neither can be seen, heard, nor felt; it is, consequently, evident that no external criterion of the reality of an apparition can exist.”

“ This, I think, cannot be disputed.”

“ But there exists perhaps an internal criterion. In order to decide this question, let us consider what passes in the human mind when a ghost appears. First of all, a lively idea of the presence of a ghost takes place, and sensations of terror, astonishment and awe arise—however, this idea and these sensations may be nothing else but the consequence of an uncommon, though natural external impression of a feverish fancy, and consequently never can be indubitable proofs of the presence of spirits. But perhaps the presence of spirits is ascertained by the co-existence of certain extraordinary notions, sensations, and cognitions! This too cannot

“ be, for we must be convinced that they could not arise in our soul in a natural manner, if we shall be able to ascertain their having been produced by the influence of a spirit. In that case it would be requisite we should know the whole store of our clear and obscure ideas, all their reciprocal relations, and all possible compositions which our imagination can form of them, a knowledge that is reserved only for the omniscient Ruler of the world. If we happen sometimes, in our dreams, to have the most wonderful visions, to reason in the most sensible manner, to discover new truths, and to predict incidents which afterwards really happen; why should not the same faculty of the soul which produces such uncommon effects in our dreams, surprise us sometimes with similar operations while we are awake, when it is agitated in a violent manner? In short, my friend, there exists neither an internal nor an external criterion whereby we could ascertain the reality of an apparition.”

“ O how insufficient is human reason!” the Duke groaned, “ how ambiguous the faculty through which we fancy we resemble the Godhead, and that guides us much safer than instinct directs brutes. But a short time since I thought it to be consonant with reason to believe in apparitions of ghosts, and now I am convinced of the contrary. Your arguments have pulled down what those of the Irishman have constructed, and thus I am constantly driven from one belief to the opposite one. Where shall I find, at length, a fixed point to rest upon? O! how happy is he, who undisturbed by the restless instinct of thinking, and of investigating the nature of things, rests in the lap of faith!”

(To be continued.)

REASON.

O Reason; Heaven-born Reason; image of Supreme Intelligence which created the world, never will I forsake thy altars; but to continue faithful to thee, will disdain alike the hatred of some, the ingratitude of others, and the injustice of all. Reason, whose empire is so congenial and so pleasing to souls of feeling, and hearts of true elevation: Reason, celestial Reason, our guide and support in the labyrinth of life; alas! whither wilt thou fly in this season of discord and maddening fury? The oppressors will have nothing to say to thee, and thou art rejected by the oppressed. Come then, since the world abandons thee, to inhabit the retreat of the sage; dwell there protected by his vigilance, and honoured by the expressive silence of his worship. One day thou wilt appear again attired in all thy glory, while imposition and deceit shall vanish into nothing. At that period perhaps I shall be no more; yet permit the shade of thy departed advocate to rest in full assurance of thy pre-eminence and glorious reign:—The hope, the pleasing anticipation of the happiness that will then be diffused through the world, affords me consolations of the most soothing and satisfactory nature.

THE SCHOOL FOR LIBERTINES,
A STORY, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

IF the heart hitherto satisfied and happy in the long-preserved ideas of rectitude and honour, rational enjoyment, and the sweets of domestic felicity, should now, strongly tempted by the fatal fascinations of vice, be meditating a departure from virtue, and this relation prove the means of preserving its owner from error and delusion, the wishes of the writer will be accomplished: or if those already engaged in pursuits that, however brilliant and alluring to the giddy votaries of false enjoyment, must eventually terminate in confusion, and the loss of every thing that ought to be held dear, become, from this story convinced of the necessity of an altered conduct, well repaid, indeed, will be the recorder of scenes, which, for the sake of society at large, he hopes will be found less and less frequent in the present age of true refinement and unaffected sensibility.

Mr. Alton, once amply possessed of the gifts of fortune, and surrounded with every earthly blessing, suddenly left his weeping lady, then pregnant, and an infant son, and fled from the pursuit of justice.

He had violated the laws of religion, honour and his country, by seducing from her duty the wife of his friend; a duel was the consequence, and the injured husband lost his life in the fatal encounter.

Immediate flight was Mr. Alton's only resource; therefore, regardless of every feeling but such as arose for his own safety, he precipitately left his native country, completely wretched, and loaded with all the horrors of guilt and dismay.

A short time after his arrival in Italy, his means of support failed; extravagance and dissipation had ruined his fortunes, and he must soon have fled from importunate creditors, had not this still more dreadful cause forced him from his wretched family.

As he had acquired the art of becoming fortunate at play, his talents that way were now brought forward, and an uncommon run of success soon enabled him to shine forth again in a foreign country with the same splendour he once displayed in his own.

Again engaged in frivolous pursuits of expence and pleasure, his light and worthless heart soon dismissed every trace of remorse for the distress and anguish he had occasioned in the family of his murdered friend, and the utter ruin brought on his deserted wife and children.

Possessing every art of genteel address, an elegant person, afflicted with all the powers of soft persuasion, he soon (under the name of Freeman, not daring to use his real one) won upon the heart of a young lady of exalted birth, whom he privately married.

Her friends at first forbade them their presence, but the young and beautiful Italian being a much-loved and only child, they soon yielded to excuses and professions which

he too well knew how to frame, and at length received them to favour and protection.

Many years passed on without a returning thought of former connections: he had heard long since, by private means, that his first lady had fallen a victim to a broken heart, leaving the care of a son and daughter to her afflicted father, who had little remaining to support them, the necessities of the unprincipled and unfeeling Alton having almost drained his once ample fortune.

And here it is necessary to inform the reader, that the poor old gentleman did not long survive the loss of his child. But heaven raised up a friend to her offspring: this friend, who delighted in acts of mercy, adopted the two innocents, as his own, making over to them his estate and his name.

A young gentleman of the name of Easton, often visited at Mr. Freeman's, whose house was always open to people of fashion; and though their years did not correspond, yet the former still carried an appearance of youth and gaiety, assisted by an uncommon share of health, and a heart feelingly alive to every call of pleasure.

Alike dissolute in manners and inclination, an intimacy soon commenced between them. The present Mrs. Freeman, who, before her marriage, experienced every indulgence and attention from parents who adored her, had too early an occasion to lament her misplaced love, and unhappy choice.

Never, but in the hours of inebriation, did she experience any thing like attention and kindness from the man who owed every thing to her. Then, indeed, he would utter rhapsodies of affection, alike destitute of sincerity as of reason.

And now, their only child (a beautiful young lady who had just attained her 13th year, the only companion of her pensive mother, to whom she was indeed a real comfort, dutiful affection and endearing sensibility having lightened many a painful day) was visited by a fever, which robbed her afflicted parent of her sole remaining blessing. This calamity deeply affected them both. The impression made on Mrs. Freeman brought on a decline, which proved fatal—bereft of every earthly happiness, she looked up to that heaven she had been long preparing for, and in a short time obtained dissolution from a world, from which she had been weaned by trouble, and the unkind neglect of a husband she had loved but too well.

Mr. Freeman put on the outward "trappings and the suits of woe"—but wanted "that within," which goes beyond every external appearance.

Pomp and parade, indeed, attended her remains to the silent tomb; but these were not accompanied with the husband's tear. The monument was raised on which his sorrows were recorded, but, cold and senseless as the marble which received that record, his heart was a stranger to those feelings that dignify the husband, the father, and the man.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HISTORY OF MRS. MORDAUNT.

[WRITTEN BY HERSELF.]

(Continued from our last.)

THE first instant I could retire, I retreated to my chamber, my mind embarrassed with the cruelest sensations: grief and astonishment at his mean situation. I wished, yet durst not go to the garden; unconscious of art, I feared I might betray unguardedly the too fond sentiments of my soul. The next day my maid brought me a beautiful bouquet; she said the gardener had culled it from the choicest of his flowers--a sigh heaved my bosom at this present--I dismiss her--a paper was rolled round, a presentiment struck me it might contain something interesting--I hastily tore it from the flowers, and read the following lines:

" Will the loveliest of her sex pardon the presumption of an unfortunate man, the early victim of calamity?--will the deign to peruse a relation of those woes which have reduced him to the disgraceful station he now fills--an irresistible impulse prompts this request; if 'tis granted, write a line and drop it in the garden--in expectation of such a favour, I will keep in sight, and then by the first opportunity transmit my narrative to you."

Tears gushed from me on perusing this note, heavens! what anguish rent my breast at my inability to succour him. Without the smallest hesitation, I complied with his request, and instantly wrote the note he desired. The next day, concealed in a basket of fruit which he sent me, I found the ardently desired paquet, containing the history of his life.

" Prompted by an inclination not to be supprest, I sit down to relate a tale full of woe to her, whose gentle heart will yield the soft tribute of sensibility.

" Early in life fortune loured on my parents, and their misfortunes are, I fear, entailed upon their wretched offspring. My father's name was Harland, he was descended from a noble family, whose possessions tho' large, could keep no pace with unbounded prodigality; the fortune was so dissipated, that but a residue remained sufficient to purchase him a commission. Courage glowed in his breast, and he distinguished himself by many a gallant action in a tedious war which England undertook against France. At the expiration of it he married a woman, rich only in reftitude and beauty, and retired from a profession which had but ill rewarded his activity. For some time they struggled against adversity--the fell adversary at length overcame. Two children of whom I was the eldest, aggravated the horrors of their condition; he could scarcely support them, as his half-pay afforded but a few of even the necessaries of life. In this situation he was discovered by a friend, possessed of affluence, who was single; as he had always express an aversion to matrimony, he inherited pride enough however to wish his name might be continued. Actuated by this wish, he made a proposal to my parents which they gladly embraced--it was adopting me for his heir. I was then five years old,

he shortly brought me to his estate for he had only made an occasional visit to the shire where my father resided; his understanding was rather weak, his chief foible a credulous susceptibility to flattery; he treated me however, with tenderness, and I was considered by every one as his future heir. At a proper age, he sent me to Oxford to complete my studies; I made a proficiency there that pleased him, and he declared I should be indulged in chusing a profession. Every vacation I spent with him. In one, ere I was an hour arrived, he mentioned with peculiar pleasure an acquisition his neighbourhood had lately received from a most agreeable family settling in it. Mr. and Mrs. Wilford with their two sons, he affirmed, I should like; but he was mistaken, a servility ran thro' the family highly disgusting to a liberal mind; I found them all replete with flattery and meanness. A domestic who had ever evinced the strongest partiality for me, cautioned me against them; he said he was acquainted with their arts, and bid me beware, as they were almost continually with his master, wheedling and indulging his favourite foible. Unskilled in the treachery of man, I neglected this caution, I judged of them by myself, I imagined them all as free from guile. Fatal experience however, that school of wisdom, undeviated me. I thought also it was impossible any person could be so perfidious, as after promising protection, to withdraw it without cause. Mr. T— convinced me such perfidy existed. By the next vacation my studies were completed, and I returned full of pleasing expectations, that my adopted father would now indulge me in chusing a profession, which of all others I admired a military life, for like Douglas, I longed to follow to the field some warlike lord.

" Mr. T—'s reception surprized me, it was cold and reserved; whenever his eyes met mine, a guilty confusion covered his face. Base, worthless man! no wonder. Two days after my arrival, he sent for me to his library, for some moments he was silent, then in hesitating accents began a long preamble of his generosity to my father, in so long supporting me, and giving me an education suitable to the first man in the kingdom, of which he supposed I must be sensible; an assenting bow was my only reply: and he continued: his relations, he said, began with justice to murmur, at the intention he had conceived of bequeathing me his fortune, to whom no tie connected him, that he had discarded the idle idea of adopting me, and added, my education was such as to inspire me with hopes of a speedy establishment; to forward which, he would give two hundred pounds, and on every occasion I might depend upon his friendly interest. He stopt; amazement harrowed my soul, and indignation tied my tongue. But on repeating his words, and offering me the money, I dashed it from his hand, and in a phrenzy of fury rushed from the house. I guessed full well the authors of my misery, the vile Wilfords, who, in my absence, by the most servile arts, ingratiated themselves with Mr. T—. He abandoned me for their sons. Hours I continued walking about his demesne almost unconscious of my being; the insult I had received, the disappointment of all my hopes was too much for a

naturally impetuous temper. When reason a little calmed my passion, I resolved immediately to repair to my parents. I had not seen them since my infancy, though my wishes to behold them were great. Mr. T— always prevented my gratifying them, as they lived at an extreme distance from him. Nothing will intimidate a youthful mind when bent on executing a favourite project; on foot, therefore, without consideration, I began my journey; no pleasing thoughts soothed my breast or beguiled the tedious way. The third day I conjectured I must be pretty near their habitation; filial piety sprung in my breast and quickened my steps at the idea; a pleasing calm diffused itself over my soul in anticipating the rapture of the paternal embrace—a dusky hue was beginning to steal along the expanse, and sober evening had taken 'her wonted station in the middle air.'

A Church-yard lay on one side of the road, and the only separation between them was a slight broom hedge. I thought I heard the plaintive voice of woe. I looked and discerned a venerable man, whose figure must have moved even the sullen apathy of the stoic. He was seated on a new-made grave—his grey locks displayed his age, and he appeared bending beneath the pressure of misfortune—his eyes were now watering the grave, now cast up to heaven, with a settled look of despair. I could not pass him unnoticed—I entered this mournful receptacle of death—too much absorbed, he had not heeded me, till a sigh burst from my oppressed heart. Without starting, he raised his head, and cried, who seeks this dreary spot?—One, I replied, pierced by adversity, who is hastening to a parent's bosom, where his wounds may receive the balm of consolation. Struck by your distress, I could not pass you, a secret impulse rose in my soul, I wished to hear your woes. Alas! young man, he answered, my woes are of the severest kind. I indulged hope, I listened to its idle prattle, I thought to have spent the remnant of my days in peace—but the shafts of affliction were let loose against me—they pierced this aged breast—it once had courage, resolution—I now can boast of none—grief has subdued it—yesterday's sun beheld the darling of my age consigned to the earth—the worm will soon begin to feast upon the beauteous cheek I have so often kist with all the idolizing warmth of a parent; but she is happy, an angel—his voice faltered—Nature demands those tears from me as her just tribute—the virtues of my child too—he could not proceed, a sob stifled his words—after an interval, he continued. I have a wife, she is dying, blest release from misery, yet frail fortitude would not enable me to see her depart. She raved for her child—I wept—she called for food—I shuddered—I had none—I crawled from the house to this grave—it has been watered with my tears. Unhappy man! ill-fated Harland—Harland! repeated I with emotion—Great God! pardon me, had you a son?—Yes, the hopes of his happiness mitigates my despair. A friend adopted him, and promised to shelter his youthful head from the misery I feel. Since the five first years of his life I have not beheld him. Now, cried I, catching him in my arms, you behold him

—blasted his ardent expectations, returned a beggar to you. For a moment he was silent, then raising his hands to heaven, exclaimed, thy will be done, Almighty Father! this is the final stroke. How fallacious are the promises of men. Well does the holy book of infinite wisdom advise—Put not your trust in princes or the children of men.

Come, my child, my poor deceived son, let us hasten to your mother, perhaps she lives, you may receive her blessing. But why should I minutely dwell on this melancholy subject? No, amiable Miss Blandford, I will not pain your generously susceptible heart. In a fortnight I paid the last mournful tribute to both my parents. Half insensible of existence, I continued till a happy destiny conducted me to the spot where so providentially I assisted in saving you—again I was the instrument of preserving a life so infinitely precious. Oh, Miss Blandford! at your first sensations unknown before rose in my breast! Pardon my presumption. My mind open to each soft impression—such a form, such sweetnes, no wonder. The keenest distress reduced me to my present situation. I had no friends to whom I could apply for assistance. In my tranquil days I had taken pleasure in cultivating small spots of ground, and rearing

All the lowly children of the vale.

In this situation I mix not with the other domestics—that indeed I could not bear. Fortune in degrading my rank has left my spirit unsubdued. Pardon me, Madam, for having engrossed so much of your time. I could not resist the wish of acquainting you with the occurrences that have reduced me to this station. Farewell, most amiable of women, may smiling peace ever hover round you, prays

E. H.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor being at supper at Paris, with Count de Vergennes, the French minister, and discoursing of French affairs, he advised the Count to announce a national bankruptcy, in order to clear France of all her debts: to this he was answered—"Should such an event take place, your Majesty's own subjects in Brabant would lose more than eighty millions." "Do not let that deter you, (answered Joseph,) give me half that sum, and you shall have my assent."

At the time of the affair with the Dutch concerning the Scheldt, which terminated so shamefully for Joseph, talking with his head gardner, the gardner asked permission to write to Haarlem for a few slips of flowers, which he wanted. The Emperor started from his seat; his eyes flashing fire—"No, said he, you shall not write. Within six weeks I will fetch them myself from Haarlem, at the head of my army." Within that time the affair was finished with disgrace. So positive was he of success, and so sure always to fail.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL OBSERVATION.

TOUGH some giddy girls are silly enough to delight in panegyric, and strained compliments, yet all women of sense do heartily despise the wanton effusions of an indiscreet and excessive complaisance.---And whoever is much in the world will find, that most ladies are more apt to regard the man of plain sense and unaffected behaviour, who speak as they think, and appear just what they are, than the most specious, insinuating hypocrite, or the most noisy pretender.

E.

At the request of a Correspondent, we give the following LETTER a place:---It is extracted from a London periodical publication---and, notwithstanding the errors in the orthography and diction of it, the author had the pleasure of making a conquest.

My dear charmin Cratur,

IF your brite eies have had the same efet upon others, they have been after havin upon me, you must already, like Samson, have slain your Toulands, though not with the same sort of weapon. For I had no sooner beheld you tother nite at Rennela, than your two little percers darted their poysen quite thro my hart, and killed me on the spot. So that I immediately determined to find you out, that I may be revenged of you. So havin done so, as sed before, I now write to tell you my situashon; and to begg that you woud have compashon on a lover that lies bleedin at your sete.

If you have not the hart of a she tygres, you will admit me to your presance, most adorable cratur, that I may have the plashure of dyin in your beloved site. And if you shall be after bein so kind as to releas of your crewlty, and rais your expirin lover, I will lay my fortun and my honers in the same place where I laid myself, and raise you in your turn to be Lady O'---l. For I vow by the great Shant Patrick, that I love you better than ever I loved any women except yourself.

And I further vow, by the holy shrine of Shant Patrick aforesed, that I will not outliv the fatal anser you send me. But as you are as far above all your sex in buty, as the glorius sun is above the palfaced moon and the little twinklin stars, I dout not but you exceed them as much in goodness. Therfore I will not dispare, but hope that you will ten me word by your confidante, at what howver I shall have the plashure of waitin upon you, to receive from your own pretty mouth my destinny. Till when, I remane, most enchantin and angelic cratur,

Your's whether livin or dyin,

Sir ROKE O'---l, Barrownite.

P. S. Pray let me kno when I shall call for an anser, as I do not chuse to send any boddy else but myself.

AN E C D O T E.

WHEN Peter the Great visited Paris, he was conducted to the Sorbonne, where they shewed him the famous mausoleum of Cardinal Richelieu. He asked whose statue it was, and they told him: the view of this grand object threw him into an enthusiastic rapture, which he always felt on the like occasion, so that he immediately ran to embrace the statue, saying, "Oh! that thou wert but still living; I would give thee one half of my empire to govern the other."

N E W - Y O R K.

M A R R I E D,

On Wednesday evening the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Robertis, Mr. PETER CUTLER, to Miss ESTHER JACOBS, both of this city.

Same evening, at Hempsted, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. VAN WYCK, of Flushing, (L. I.) to Miss THORNE, daughter of Capt. Thorne, of that place.

On Thursday evening the 12th inst. Mr. JOHN ROE, merchant, of this city, to Miss SUSANNAH R. STEVENS, of Perth-Amboy, (N. J.)

On Sunday the 15th inst. at East-Chester, by the Rev. Mr. Bartow, Capt. DAVID CARGILL, of this city, to Miss MARY SHUTE, daughter of Mr. Thomas Shute of that place.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 15th to the 21st inst.

	Thermometer observed at 6, A M 3, P. M deg. 100 deg. 100	Prevailing winds		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
		6.	3.	
Dec. 15	33 75 41	nw.	w.	clear light wd. clear do.
16	32 41	sw.	nw.	snow cr. lt. wd. clear do.
17	26 31	nw.	do.	clear high wd. clear h. wd.
18	23 59 32	se.	s.	fn. lt. wd. sn. 3 in. deep.
19	27 28	nw.	n.	clear lt. wd. clear lt. wd.
20	18 50 28	ne.	do.	cloudy lt. wd. cloudy do.
21	24 28	ne.	do.	sn. 4 in deep, light wind.

ELEGIAC SONNET.

YE worldly, hence! that have not drank the stream
Of deep affliction at the fountain head;
That have not fondly gaz'd the dying---dead?
Till the set eye refus'd the conscious gleam
That fed Affection with its parting beam;
Nor kis'd the cold lips, whence the spirit fled,
Of her you lov'd beyond a poets dream:
And who but lately blest your genial bed!...

This, has the mourner at Amelia's tomb;
And but one star illumines his night of gloom:---
As from its parent dust the phoenix foar'd,
Her infant self surviving seems to say---
The Lord has giv'n---the Lord has ta'en away;
For ever blessed be his name,---the Lord!

TO THE EDITOR,

The following STANZA's were recently written by that celebrated Genius and Traveller GOVERNOR HENRY ELLIS, on seeing an infirm old Man treated by a young rabble with indecent mockery in the Street at PISA in Italy—a country where every inanimate vestige of antiquity is viewed with so much veneration.

S.

THE mould'ring Tower, the antique bust,
The ruin'd temple's sacred dust,
Are view'd with rev'rence and delight;
But man decay'd and sunk with years
And sad infirmities, appears
An object of neglect and flight.

Ah, thoughtless race ! in youthful prime,
You mock the ravages of time,
As if you could elude its rage;
That piteous form which you despise,
With wrinkled front and beamless eyes ;
That form, alas ! you'll take with age.

Some vital sparks that every day,
Time's rapid pinion sweeps away,
Prepare you for that hapless state;
When left and slighted in your turn,
Your former levities you'll mourn,
And own the justice of your fate.

A N E L E G Y.

[by the same.]

NEAR yon lone pile, with ivy overspread,
Fast by the riv'let's peace-persuading sound ;
Where sleeps the moonlight on yon verdant bed,
O, humbly pres' that consecrated ground !

For there does EDMUND rest—the learned swain !
And there his pale-ey'd phantom loves to rove :
Young EDMUND, fam'd for each harmonious strain,
And the sore wounds of ill-requited love.

Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,
And loads the zephyr with its soft perfume ;
His manhood blossom'd ere the faithless pride
Of fair LUCINDA sunk him to the tomb.

But soon did righteous Heav'n her crime pursue,
Where'er with wilder'd steps she wander'd pale ;
Still EDMUND's image rose to blot her view—
Still EDMUND's voice accus'd her in each gale.

With keen remorse, and tortur'd guilt's alarm,
A mid the pomp of affluence she pin'd ;
Nor all that lur'd her faith from EDMUND's arms,
Could sooth the conscious horrors of her mind.

Go, Traveller ! tell the tale with sorrow fraught,
Some lovely maid perchance, or blooming youth,
May hold it in remembrance and be taught,
That riches cannot pay for Love or Truth.

ODE TO REFLECTION.

TWAS when Nature's darling child,
Flora, fan'd by zephyrs mild,
Th' gorgeous canopy outspread
O'er the sun's declining head,
Wending from the bus of day,
Thus a bard attun'd his lay :

Bright Reflection, child of heav'n,
Noblest gift to mortals given,
Goddes of the pensive eye,
Glancing thro' eternity,
Rob'd in intellectual light,
Come, with all thy charms bedight.

The' nor fame, nor splendid worth,
Mark'd thy humble vot'ry's birth,
Snatch'd by thee from cank'ring care,
I defy the fiend Despair ;
All the joys that Bacchus loves,
All inglorious pleasure proves ;
All the fleeting modish toys,
Buoy'd by Folly's frantic noise ;
All, except the sacred lore,
Flowing from thy boundless store !
For when thy bright form appears,
Even wild Confusion hears,
Chaos glows, impervious night
Shrinks from thy all-piercing light ;
Yet, alas ! what vain extremes
Mortals prove in Error's schemes,
Sunk profound in torpor's trance,
Or with levity they dance,
Or, in murmurs deep, the soul
Thinks it bliss beyond the pole ;
Bounding swift o'er time and place,
Vacant still thro' boundless space,
Leaving happiness at home,
Thus the mental vagrants roam
But when thou with sober mien,
Deign'st to blest this wayward scene,
Like Aurora shining clear
O'er the mental hemisphere ;
Who but hears a sooth'ng strain
Warbling "Heaven's ways are plain !"
Who but hears the charmer say,
" These obscure the living ray :—
" Self-love, the foulest fiend of night
" That ever stain'd the virgin-light,
" Coward, wretch, who shuns to share,
" Or sooth the woes that others bear ;
" Envy with an eagle's eye ;
" Scandal's tales that never die ;
" Int'rest vile, with countless tongues,
" Trembling for ideal wrongs ;
" Flatt'ry base, with supple knee,
" Cringing low servility :
" Prejudice, with eyes askew ;
" Still suspecting ought that's new.—
" Would but men from these refrain,
" Eden's bow'rs would bloom again,
" Doubts in embryo melt away,
" Truth's eternal sun-beams play !"